

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA VII—THE REAL TREASURE ISLAND.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Jan. 17.—Have you, in fancy, dreamed the Spanish Main with Honest John Silver and his pirate band? Would you like to go to Treasure Island? Would you like to feel the spell of the near presence of buried gold—real pieces of eight? Would you like to breathe the atmosphere of romance that attaches to a sunny, tropical island which was for centuries a penal colony for patriot politicians, a trading post for the dealers in "black ivory"? Would you like to elbowed with the seventeenth century?

If you would like these things, then up anchor and set sail for the Isle of Pines. All that romance is still there, but when you have arrived you will find that the Isle of Pines is just as American and just as home-like, so far as its people are concerned, as any prosperous settlement in Otago County, Kansas. The title of sovereignty over the Isle of Pines is in dispute. While the flag of Cuba flies over the public buildings, the Stars and Stripes decorate the roof-tree of the owners of more than 90 per cent of all the property of the island. It is the southernmost all-American agricultural community, but its history and prospects in no way detracts from its historic interest.

Pirates and buried treasure appeal strongly to the average mind. What boy has not down the Jolly Roger from an imaginary masthead, while scouring the backyard for possible Spanish galleons, laden with the golden wealth of the Peruvian Incas? What boy has not planned expeditions in search of Capt. Kidd's bank balance? The good ship Cristobal Colon, which carries passengers from the Cuban port of Bahama to the Isle of Pines, is by no means a "low, rakish craft," but it makes up for its lack of swiftness by having a captain who is nearly like an ideal pirate in appearance as even Robert Louis Stevenson could have wished.

The pirates who made the Isle of Pines their port of call and bank of deposit did not belong to the ancient tribe of the days of Sir Henry Morgan. They were of a later vintage, of the day of Jean Lafitte. The ships they robbed were the Panama and Mexico transports bound for Europe through the Straits of Yucatan. The treasure they buried was in gold and silver, but the treasure they carried off was the gold of the Spaniards, the gold of the Spaniards, the gold of the Spaniards.

Smile at these stories to-day as you will, you will not smile at them when you get to Nueva Gerona. For you can smell the gold there, and when Sam Peasey tells you about the south coast treasure cache, and when everybody tells you about the mysterious iron chest and the one golden coin found on the beach only two years ago, and when everybody points out the alcaide who went over the Marble Mountain a poor man and came back next morning laden with gold—when you hear all these things and you are right there on the spot in the heart of Treasure Island, in the Spanish Main, you will not smile. You'll get a pick and try to slip off from town at night to dig.

Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, was the last real treasure finder. He came here to Nueva Gerona about thirty years ago, when this island was a penal colony and this town the prison headquarters. He stayed here for a long time, and by and by he gained the confidence of an old prisoner. The prisoner was then more than four score, and he had been kept here since he was twenty. He was the last surviving pirate of the Spanish Main. Just like Billy Bones, he had a map. He wouldn't let the Spanish jailers have it—they had been too cruel. But he gave it to Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnson hid his treasure, and made his plans with care—a little schooner, a few negroes, a silent sailing on a dark night from Nueva Gerona. The expedition found its way around to the wild and uninhabited south coast, which still is wild and uninhabited. The map was as good and true as if the name of Flint had been signed there.

There were two whole barrels of gold. One was so heavy that it almost swamped the boat, and no attempt was made to find the other or the cache of altar vessels. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, went away. There are stories of queer and exciting adventures with the Spanish authorities, but he made his escape to Jamaica, and went back to Pennsylvania with his gold.

Very mysterious was Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania. He never told anybody how he came by his riches, and he guarded that little secret as if it were a life. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, was not that kind of a man.

By and by the war with Spain came along. The Isle of Pines became American territory, so Mr. McKimley and John Hay thought. Then Mr. Roosevelt and Elihu Root changed the executive American mind and said the Isle of Pines was Cuban territory. The Platt amendment had declared that the question of the title was to be kept open for future adjustment. That adjustment was attempted by the negotiation of a treaty giving Cuba a quit-claim deed to the island in consideration of sundry sites for naval stations and such on the island of Cuba.

For several years the Senate of the United States has refused to confirm that treaty, and it likewise has neglected to reject it. There was an American revolution on the Isle of Pines and great excitement, but the status was not changed nor the issue settled. The American settlers had come, however, and there was Yankee prosperity on Treasure Island, when, two years ago, Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, returned.

An old man he was now, but still rich. The lure of buried treasure had brought him and his aged wife from their retirement. They wanted more gold. But Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, was cautious. He could no longer run a schooner himself, so he did confide in one more, the two went to the wild and uninhabited south coast in a steam launch. But the map was no longer true—the action of wind and tide had changed the shore line, the landmarks had fallen a prey to time, and the cache could not be found.

But Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, had other maps. He stole away from Nueva Gerona on lonely trips whenever he could evade the watchful eyes of the populace. Suddenly he and his wife decided to go back to the States. The next day some boys found an iron chest on the sandy beach two miles from town. It was old and rusty, but it had just been opened and half buried in the sand by its side was a bright gold coin. "Pieces of eight," pieces of eight," the boys cried after John Silver's parrot. But Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, had gone.

To conceal nothing, it must be said that Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, always insisted that the treasure was not there, although he admitted he searched for it. He always denied the story of the adventure of thirty years ago. But his wife told a lady of Nueva Gerona that it was true, every word of it. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, unfortunately, has been

dead for something more than a year and no one knows where his map is to be found.

If you go to the Isle of Pines on a hunt for pirate gold and wish to conceal your mission, you will find much that is interesting in other ways. There is the old prison, and across the river from Nueva Gerona is the old brick wall, where the Cuban prisoners were forced, like the heretics of old, to make brick without straw. Here labored and toiled in the clay the spiritual and dreamy Jose Marti, whose birthday we celebrate this month by withdrawing from the government in Cuba. Here was confined that proud patriot, the Marquis de Santa Lucia, who was the second president of the Cuban republic in the field. And here the beautiful daughter of the Marquis de Santa Lucia, Evangelina Cramer, was arrested on a trumped-up charge and carried off to prison. How her incarceration stirred the red blood of the American people, how she got out of jail by the aid of an American newspaper man, how Gen. Fitzhugh Lee made her case the basis of stern demands—all these things belong to the history of the war with Spain.

Then there is Nueva Gerona itself. Quaint old town, "lying lazy in the sun." Most of it used to be owned by an old Spaniard who survived until a few years ago, the last of the slave traders. A place miles away in the country is the place where this old dealer in "black ivory" had his plantation. The ruined mansion has not yet disappeared, and the slave quarters are still there. Miles and miles of solid brick walls enclose the fields, and here and there are the ruins of sugar mills and starch factories. The ships used to bring the negroes from Africa to this place, where they were taught to speak Spanish and to work. Then they were sold to the Cuban planters.

Quite as interesting is the ancient town of Santa Fe, which has been a favorite watering place and health resort for the wealthy and fashionable people of Havana for more than a century. The low white houses with their red roofs, the truly wonderful calba trees, and one of the most magnificent Spanish laurel trees in the world, all conspire to make Santa Fe beautiful. The spring with its medicinal waters, the bath houses, and the hotels, bespeak the departed gaiety of the Spanish era.

This is Treasure Island as it is to-day, a charming bit of tropical beauty with the romance of piracy still enveloping it. The sturdy Americans who are making this island a paradise firmly believe that there is buried treasure here. Not the gold of the pirates, but the wealth of the Creator. They are digging in the ground for that. But that is another story.

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Tomorrow—The Republic of Cuba. VIII. An American Colony in the Tropics.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

After accepting an invitation to spend the day with a friend whose husband's death scattered to the four winds an atmosphere of wealth and luxury in which I had always beheld her, I no longer wondered how she managed to keep up to the reputation for good dressing which was hers before she married. I saw enough to overwhelm me with admiration for a stock of cleverness whose existence I had never suspected.

There was a heavy mortgage on the mansion in which she had ruled with the assistance of eight servants, but she was really living out the days before the necessary foreclosure. The staff of eight had dwindled to one maid of all work, but as the family contained but herself and a beautiful cat, that was not so much of a calamity as one might think. A small breakfast room, a reception room of similar size, and her own bedroom and bathroom were the only rooms which had been dismantled and closed up, and the house had fifteen apartments of different kinds, with half a dozen baths and huge halls.

The furniture was unsumptuous, and after selecting the small amount of means to carry away with her to a new home, she had disposed of it by private sale as long as that method was possible, and the rest passed into the keeping of a dealer who paid spot cash. Apparently there was not a regret for the beautiful things she had owned, but I can see now, heavy coat. Probably she had cheerfully accepted the inevitable, like a wise woman, for she discussed a number of plans she had evolved for the future. She must make a cat, and she had not been trained to work, but I can see now, practical to distress her, because she is practical and willing to do her best.

I never knew her to use a needle, and I was sure that a sewing machine was not among the furnishings of the mansion when I was shown over it. On this day she showed me several garments made by her own hands, and the afternoon was spent by her in finishing a pretty frock which she had cut by a reliable pattern, and a friend had fitted her. The hat, which she had made, was made of relics of former prosperity, put together by a milliner's apprentice, under supervision, of course.

"I am not going to be shabby or dowdy," she declared, as she displayed her new possessions, "even though I am poor. What is the use of going down entirely under a heavy blow? I have recovered my mind, and I am going on in the nice way I like, even if I have to do it in a calico frock and one room." You simply cannot keep down women of that stamp—they are bound to rise. There is a lot of them in the world, and some of them are rearing healthy, happy children, fitting them for wholesome, useful lives. For one reason or another, however, they have straitened their backs to bear them, instead of drooping toward the ground. I wish that I knew more of them—they are a source of inspiration to their weaker sisters.

BETTY BRADEN.

FOR
Pains
Bruises
AND
Wounds
USE
Omega Oil

Sprains, bruises and wounds heal quickly when treated with Omega Oil. It is antiseptic, preventing the growth of microbes. It is a stimulant and promotes free circulation around the wound, thus quickening the healing process. 10c, 25c, 50c.

PRESIDENT IS THANKED.

His Action in Children's Behalf Commended by Writers.
Commending the action of President Roosevelt in bringing about the conference on the care of dependent children, which will be held in Washington Monday and Tuesday, prominent men and women throughout the country are sending letters of thanks to the President.
Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, of Denver, father of the Juvenile Court, writes a highly complimentary letter. A public meeting and subscription dinner will be held on Monday evening at the Willard Hotel. All who wish to attend should make request at once to James E. West, 1333 Clifton street.



THE NATIONAL.
"The Thief".....At 2:15 and 8:15
Kyrle Bellow and a clear company in Henry Bernstein's powerful drama of morals and emotions.
THE BELASCO.
"The Girl Behind the Counter".....At 2:15 and 8:15
A musical comedy that is full of rollicking fun, a good-looking young man, clever principal and lots of tuneful music.
THE COLUMBIA.
Charmy O'Connell.....At 2:15 and 8:15
The well-known singer of Irish melodies in a new play in which he shows to advantage.
CHASER.
Polite vaudeville.....At 2:15 and 8:15
Clara Belle Jerome, Walter Kelly, and six other good acts, making up a show with lots of variety.
THE ACADEMY.
Metodnan.....At 2:15 and 8:15
Burlesque.....At 2:15 and 8:15
THE GAYETY.
Burlesque.....At 2:15 and 8:15

Kyrle Bellow and Man.
Ever since his tour with "The Thief," Kyrle Bellow has been the victim of domestic woes, which reduce this celebrated actor to the level of the commonplace housewife. Mr. Bellow has been having that apparently incurable disease, "serv-



KYRLE BELLOW.

antilla." It seems impossible for Mr. Bellow to retain the services of a valet without unlimited difficulty.
Mr. Bellow thus narrates his experiences with the genus manservant, with the rare art of a raconteur:
"I began the season very amiably with a Korean youth, named Dandy Kim. It seems that Kim was the family name, which he boastfully said had been used by his forefathers for 1,000,000 years. Dandy was a charming American adjective which he assumed. I am not sure that he did not choose wisely, for he invariably appeared arrayed in every color of the solar spectrum.
Dandy wore an olive green suit, purple tie, emerald plush waistcoat, and his chamberlain was completed by a pink silk shirt about his neck which he wore in lieu of an overcoat. Although he gave Boston and its polite public a fearful shock, he attracted so much attention, he decided that valeting was far beneath him and that he had possibilities as a professional beauty. Directly we got back to New York, Kim forsook my humble patronage to become a butler.
"Valet No. 2 was a former school teacher who deserted algebra for the valet's life. I hope he displayed more ability on logarithms than he did on clothes-pressing, for I was compelled to discharge him for incompetency.
"Valet No. 3 was an Englishman, who, according to his own account, had been in the service of half the British peopled. He made me feel very deeply his decline into the theater. I believe he would have patronized Mr. Shakespeare himself. I was forced to dismiss him when I discovered that he was in the habit of using my nail brush to plaster down his hair and of taking haughty familiarity with my clothes.
"I decided then that a good, straight American would be most satisfactory, so I engaged a young man, who had done everything from prize-fighting to instruction in the gentle art of roller-skating.
"Valet proved too tame for him, and he recently gave me two weeks' notice when he became convinced that "The Thief" did not include a ballet or chorus, and that Mr. Frohman would never consent to these innovations."

CAMPAIGN FOR TEMPERANCE.

Seasons Will Last Ten Days Under Auspices of Local Union.

Mrs. Mary Harris Armour, president of the Georgia State Temperance Union, is on her way to Washington to lead an active temperance campaign which is to last for ten days, beginning to-morrow, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia.
As a starter the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Mount Pleasant Congregational Church was held yesterday morning, at which much enthusiasm prevailed. Mrs. Don P. Blain, organizer for the District, told of an entertainment to be given March 15 and 16, at which the subject of temperance will be thoroughly discussed.
This evening, before the opening of the campaign, a public reception will be given Mrs. Armour by members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at their headquarters at 533 Sixth street northwest.

Self-defense Is Claimed.
Arthur Scott, charged with shooting a huckster by the name of Robbins in a saloon conducted by Mrs. Hannon, near Seventh and F streets southwest, on August 23 last, was placed on trial yesterday in Justice Gould's court. Counsel for the defendant announced its intention of showing that Scott fired the shot in self-defense. George Skinner, a wholesale cigar merchant of Baltimore, testified to the shooting.

FAIRBANKS LAUDS NEGRO'S PROGRESS

Vice President Brings Diamond Jubilee to Close.

CAPITAL HAS DONATED \$5,000

Bishop Hartzell Leaves Washington with \$125,000 of the \$300,000 Which He Had Asked—Negro's Advancement in Fifty Years Is Declared to Be a Miracle of the Centuries.

Declaring that the progress of the negro race in the last fifty years was the miracle of the centuries, Vice President Fairbanks made a stirring address in the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church last evening.

He was given the honor of bringing the diamond jubilee anniversary of the launching of Christian missionary work in Africa to a fitting conclusion in this city, and rose to the occasion with a remarkable tribute to the colored people of America.

On successive nights the President and Vice President of the United States have been the guests of Bishop J. C. Hartzell, and both have been unstinted in voicing their confidence in the abiding faith and optimism and self-reliance of the negro.

"On the heels of the African slave trade, that crime of the centuries," declared President Roosevelt Monday evening, "the negro in America, ten millions of him, has to-day risen to a greater height than any similar number of his race in the world. It is a wonderful record."

Now Aid Fatherland.
"Fifty years ago in bondage, the American negro is already learning to look beyond the cares and burdens of self, and is yearning to aid the countless millions of his race in the fatherland. He is giving freely of his resources for the redemption of Africa," declared Vice President Fairbanks last night.

These tokens from the two chief executive officers of the land have chief impress upon the colored citizens of Washington, and have given splendid impetus to the movement of the diamond jubilee anniversary. They are keynotes which Bishop Hartzell has been prompt to seize as weapons in his fight for stronger support.

"This is the right moment for the diamond jubilee," said the Vice President. "It should serve as a stimulus of a great forward movement among the colored people. It is practically contemporaneous with the century of Lincoln, the author of negro freedom. Lincoln it was who signed the Emancipation proclamation, who broke the fetters of slavery, Lincoln, the great benefactor of the negro."
With eagerness and zest that sprang spontaneously from his heart, the great audience broke into a sea of tumultuous clapping at the mention of the Emancipation proclamation. The Vice President with difficulty continued.

"None will celebrate the centenary next month with more profound gratification than the colored people of the United States."

Greater Progress to Come.

"Magnificent as the progress of the last half century has been, it is but a promise of what the next fifty years will reveal. It is prophetic of a large future for the colored race in America. No imagination is large enough to grasp the story which the centuries to come will tell.
"I hope you will do your full share in carrying the word and spreading the gospel in Africa. It is peculiarly fitting that you should. The Methodist Church is great to-day, and is growing greater. Its influence extends to the uttermost parts of the earth."

He watched the development of the negro for many years—his rise in industry, his religious fervor. The work is before carried forward on a scale never before attempted. The evangelization of Africa by the American sons of the fatherland will be one of the inspiring achievements of history."

Rev. D. W. Hayes, of the Ames Church, Baltimore, made the opening address. He advocated pride of race against moral self-depreciation, and declared that the negro must give his sympathies a wider sweep and his ambitions a higher plane.

"Africa in America is a misnomer," he said. "The traces of slavery are vanishing. I would not try to conceal the fact that there is physical and moral destitution among us. But the uplift of the negro in this country, the eagerness of the myriads in Africa to exchange idolatry for the worship of Christ, proves our destiny.
"Let us impose no sophistry upon ourselves to find some way to avoid our plain duty. Africa's urgent need is America's opportunity. Africa, until now, has been a land of darkness, but the world now looks to us to enlighten her teeming millions groping in heathenism."

Impatient with Muckrakers.

In introducing the Vice President, Bishop Hartzell declared he had no sympathy with that spirit of carping criticism against so many public men in the legislative, executive, and judicial offices of the United States.

"I have been in every great capital in the world," he said, "and I can say from personal observation that we have

How Many Meals Have You Saved?

Do you show your meals do you good? as the saying goes. Have you the product of former good meals to eat around your waist line? Do they reproach you? Do they lie heavily on your physical conscience, as it were? Are you anxious to reform?
Well, then, contemplate a period of penance. What do you say to a month of unmodified breakfast food diet—made thin; to be followed or accompanied by thirty days of road work or weight lifting. No?
How about a few months' course of some acid (put your teeth on edge) acid, heartburn-causing, wrinkle-forming, stomach-upsetting, high-priced patent advertised "fast remedy," then? No?
All that remains for you to try, then, if you really wish to reform is Marmola Prescription Tablets. These tablets possess special virtues, the most important of which is, they cause not one ripple of internal uneasiness. Neither do they leave wrinkles behind, nor is dieting and exercise required to help out. Yet in a reasonable time they are capable of reducing, possibly, any man or woman on this green earth a pound or so daily.
How about your trying this safe and unadvised plan if you do not care to exercise or diet? The Marmola Company, of Detroit, Mich., or any druggist will give you, for 25 cents, a box of these tablets. They are so good, that a large case so well stocked that the problem of reducing safely and quickly on three full meals a day has been solved.

stronger and bigger public men, as a rule, than any other country in the world," he concluded.

The final address of the evening was made by Dr. W. P. Thirkield, president of Howard University. He said the redemption of the negro race was one of God's miracles. He hoped to see the evangelization of the world for Christ in this generation.

"The missionary spirit is what made Great Britain," he declared. "It possesses in a superlative degree the spirit of going out among the alien races. It rules over one-third of the earth's surface to-day, and over nearly one-fourth of its people. The same missionary spirit, if we achieve it, will make our land great."

"Do not spend your time brooding over your burdens or your wrongs. God knows there have been wrongs against you. The future should have our eye. The determination to redeem Africa, your fatherland, should have your heart."

As the result of the three days' campaign in Washington, launching the diamond jubilee of the country, nearly \$5,000 has been given to the cause. Bishop Hartzell has already \$125,000 of the \$300,000 which he has asked, and is confident the rest will be easy. Many associates in the movement believe \$50,000 could have been raised in this year, despite financial conditions. The Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church has pledged itself to support a mission station in the heart of Africa. The sum of \$250 will be required for this purpose.

Goes to Syracuse.

A delegation of Baltimore churchmen who were present at the meeting last evening pledged themselves for the support of two other mission stations. Bishop Hartzell opens a similar campaign in Syracuse, N. Y., next Sunday, and will carry with him the stirring appeal of President Roosevelt delivered Monday evening.

ASPHALT MEN IN CONVENTION

Conclude Session with Banquet at the New Willard.

Good Roads to Benefit the Farmer and the Automobileist Are Advocated.

The Independent Asphalt Association closed its third annual convention with a banquet at the New Willard last night. Good roads to benefit the farmer and the automobileist were discussed, and a new kind of country road, a combination of asphalt and macadam, was suggested by Amos L. Barker, of New York. He reviewed the progress of the good roads movement, and advocated extensive government aid, in part, he said:

"It is only a question of time until such appropriations will be made. They are as necessary for good roads as for rivers and harbors, or for post-offices. The farmer has the same right to demand quick delivery, which is possible only over a good road, that the city man has to demand fast mail trains and frequent delivery by city carriers.
"Inasmuch as macadam and asphalt, by long evolution, have established themselves in many countries as the premier types of roads, I have come to the conclusion that the best is a combination of the two in the form of an asphalt strip of suitable width, running through, and usually in the middle of the macadam. "Horses can be driven on the macadam as now, if desired. Automobiles, when the road is of a certain width, will run on the asphalt, making it slippery, they can run with one side on the pavement and one side on the macadam, to avoid skidding. When on the strip of pavement in the middle they will cause neither dust nor wear."
"Finally, and if no other advantage were to be gained, farmers can haul on the asphalt more than double the load of horses on macadam. This consideration alone should decide the matter in favor of the asphalt strip."
"It is well known that automobiles, even at moderate speed, tear up macadam and grind its fragments into dust, thus destroying the road and causing a nuisance to all who use it, and to occupants of houses on the roadside. It is equally well known that automobiles do not destroy asphalt pavement nor cause any dust from it, no matter how great the speed may be."

Following are the members of the association:
Andrew Asphalt Company, Hamilton, Ohio; A. L. Barber Asphalt Company, New York; Booth & Cleveland, Ohio; Brunas Construction Company, Washington, D. C.; Constructing and Paving Company, of United States, Ohio; Continental Asphalt Paving Company, New York; Costello & Neale, Elmira, N. Y.; Crawford Company, Brooklyn, N. C.; Damsel & Company, Washington, D. C.; Fairchild-Gilmore-Wilcox Company, Los Angeles, Cal.; Filbert Paving and Construction Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; German Rock Asphalt and Cement Company, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harlem Contracting Company, New York; J. J. Jacobs & Company, Chicago, Ill.; Kitchener Construction Company, Cincinnati, Ohio; George W. Lamson, Chicago, Ill.; Mayer Bros., New York; Hugh Murphy, Omaha, Neb.; Memphis Asphalt and Paving Company, Memphis, Tenn.; Narragansett Improvement Company, Providence, R. I.; Ottawa Construction Company, Ottawa, Ont.; Pacific Construction Company, Chicago, Ill.; P. R. Quinn, Syracuse, N. Y.; Sclafani & Company, New York; Southern New England Paving Company, Hartford, Conn.; R. D. Upham, New York; Union Paving Company, Schenectady, N. Y.; Western Construction Company, Lafayette, Ind.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."
Land the Marine Corps over asphalt. It's sealed about the world. With keeping law. On sea and shore. It's grizzled, 'n' gaunt, 'n' rough. In the days of the good old navy, When men fought hand to hand, And the colors impressed, Oh needed arse, Marines were in demand.

And when in port, the voyage o'er, You landed the liberty men, And back they came, Well primed with rum, You were glad of a provost then.

When trouble occurred, in a far-off port, At the opposite end of the earth, You'd chuck them ashore, To the cannon's roar, And then you valued their worth.

But now the navy's a different berth, And long range is the law, The infantry man, Lay out the plan, So send the Marines ashore.

The sailormen are not as then, And when on the beach they roam, They are very polite, And never get tight, So leave the Marines at home.

On an aqua-macadam-devil-may-care, In the city of the future, The "jelly" can't slide, In the city of the future, When ruckered up with coal dust and grease.

Let soldiers do a soldier's work, And guard the navy yard, Lay out the plan, Post, cook, or what, Is work sufficient hand.

But honor these men in times of peace, As they serve you in time of war, Free them from the sea, By the bursting shell, "Ever faithful," they'll say, A HAS-BEEN.

S-KANN-SONS & CO THE BUSY CORNER

Cold weather furs at about 60c on the dollar.

It seems the irony of fate that just as the maker closed these furs out to us the weather should turn cold again, but "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the advantage is yours. Now buy furs in the fur-wearing season at practically summer prices.

\$5.00 Black and Sable Animal Rug Muffs, \$3.00.
\$12.00 Isabella Fox Animal Rug Muffs for \$7.50.
\$14.00 Isabella Fox Animal Rug Muffs, \$8.00.
\$20.00 Black Russian Lynx Shoulder Shawls, \$12.50.
\$16.50 Russian Lynx Animal Rug Muffs, \$12.50.
\$25.50 Black Russian Lynx Shoulder Shawl and Muff, \$15.00.
4 Black Coney Animal Shoulder Shawls, worth \$6.00, for \$2.75.
6 Black Coney Pillow Muffs, worth \$4.00, for \$1.75.
25 Sets Black and Brown Coney Sets, worth \$6.00, for \$2.50.
\$50.00 Black Lynx Large Muffs for \$37.50.
\$60.00 XXXX Black Lynx Large Rug Muffs for \$45.00.
\$30.00 Black Lynx Long Throw Scarfs, \$21.50.
\$35.00 Black Lynx Large Throw Scarfs, \$25.00.
\$15.00 Black Lynx Animal Shawls, \$10.00.
\$110.00 Black Lynx Large Animal Shawl, \$75.00.
\$100.00 Russian Pony-skin Fur Coats, \$65.00.
\$7.50 Black American Marten Animal Rug Muffs, \$4.00.
\$10.00 Eastern Mink Shoulder Scarfs, \$5.50.
\$35.00 Natural Eastern Mink Muffs for \$17.50.
\$30.00 Natural Eastern Mink Scarfs, \$17.00.
4, 5, 6, and 8 Stripe Pillow Muffs, worth \$20.00, for \$10.00.
Real Natural \$70.00 Plain and Animal Scarfs, \$47.50.

IN EDUCATIONAL CIRCLES.

Students of Immaculate Seminary, Wisconsin avenue, have organized a musical society, to be known as "The Camera." In memory of the little knot of Florentine enthusiasts of the sixteenth century whose efforts originated in the opera. Meetings are to be held bi-monthly in the seminary hall and a select programme, musical and musico-literary, is arranged for the season.
The topic to be discussed at the approaching meeting is "The rise of modern music," dealing with the transition from the old church forms to modern secular music.

The officers of the society for the ensuing year are: Miss Elizabeth Freeman, president; Miss Gloria Hunt, vice president; Miss Marguerite Kennedy, secretary; and Miss Zita Wallace, treasurer.
Prof. Henri la Zard has been temporarily appointed teacher of French in the high schools of the District, the position filled for fourteen years by Prof. E. C. Collier, whose death occurred in this city recently.

The current number of the "Review," issued by the Central High School, contains a copy of the memorial resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Central High School faculty, bespeaking appreciation of Prof. Collier's attainments as scholar, of his power as teacher, his kindly spirit, loyal fellowship, and noble manhood, and voicing in beautiful phrase the sense of great personal loss experienced by his collaborators in the death of their esteemed associate.

An excellent likeness of Prof. Collier is presented with the memorial, together with a synopsis of his life.
The motion adopted recently by the board of education to urge upon Congress the passage of a bill to provide for the retirement of veteran teachers on pensions, awakened lively interest in local educational circles, and new impetus has been given the movement by the College Women's Club, of this city, through the subscription lunch and meeting held under their auspices on Saturday last.

A pledge of assistance from that organization is one of the strongest factors in support of the motion.

Prompted by purely disinterested motives, the College Women's Club, composed of alumnae of many of the leading colleges, and representing several private local educational institutions, has determined to further this motion adopted for the dual purpose of creating a retirement fund for the teachers in the public schools of the District, separating from the public service in a humane and dignified manner those whose long and faithful labors merit recognition in their declining years, and making it possible thereby to promote the educational interests of the schools by the appointment of younger and efficient teachers.

Strong arguments in defense of this movement were presented at the meeting last Saturday by Lyman A. Best, secretary of the board of retirement, department of education, New York City.
In an eloquent plea for the superannuated teacher, Mr. Best held that retirement of faithful instructors necessarily results in greater efficiency in the teaching staff.
He showed very conclusively that the expenditure of public money would be small, compared to the resulting benefits to the system, to the teacher, and consequently to the children of the District.

If nothing immediate is accomplished for this movement the public school teacher, and especially the women of the staff, have every reason to be hopeful of the ultimate results of the motion when the President-elect, Mr. Taft, is heard declaring to the normal schoolgirls of Georgia "that there is no higher profession within which self-sacrifice is manifested more clearly, and none in which more good can be done than that of teacher."
"I congratulate you on beginning your life in that way," he said, "and I hope

that you will continue through life and not regard matrimony as necessary." On the same occasion Mr. Taft expressed the hope that competent women teachers would, in the future, command equal pay with men teachers.
To be consistent the distinguished champion of the public school teacher will surely favor measures that mean maintenance in the age of faithful teachers who have "not regarded matrimony as necessary."

NEW STREET TO THE PLAZA.
Acquisition of Terminal Thoroughfare Recommended.
Washington is to have a "Terminal" street. It leads into the Union Station plaza between Delaware avenue and E streets, but has not been acquired by the District government.
"One of the streets intended to enter the plaza has not been acquired by the District, but in connection with the fabrication of street signs by the contractor for the plaza ornamental iron work, it would be desirable that this street, when acquired, be named 'Terminal' street," recommends Capt. Markham, assistant engineer commissioner. The Commissioners have approved the name.

FAVOR EXTENSION OF AVENUE.
Land to Widen Street Will Be Commanded by Commissioners.
The widening and extension of Massachusetts avenue southeast, from its present terminus near Fortieth street southeast, to Bowen road, was favorably reported upon by the Commissioners yesterday.
Two and one-half of the three and one-half acres for the extension have been dedicated as a public highway since the bill was referred to the Commissioners. The other acre is to be condemned under the provision of the bill, according to Commissioner Macfarland. The entire cost shall